and then, turning to his small cor

Daily & Engle

CANADA'S ANNIVERSARY.

FACTS FOR CANADIAN ORATORS ON "DOMINION DAY."

It Is July 1 Instead of 4-The Canadian Confederation Was Organized in 1867, When There Was a Fear of "States" Rights"-Rapid Development.

(Special Correspondence)

KINGSTON, Ont., July 1 .- The 1st of July is the great national holiday of Canada, on its annual recurrence is calchrated by the people of the Dominion with general demo-ity and jubilation, such as in modern demoople of the Dominion with general festivcratic countries have replaced the pomp and cumbrous ceremonial, and the religious rites observed under monarchial sway and in other days upon these occasions. Well may Canadians remember the day, and pay tribute to the important change in their destiny with which it will ever be identified. When the old provinces of Canada, with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, were consolidated under one government tweaty-two years are the event appeared to the outside world as of trivial importance. Sparsely settled and weak colonies, what great interest could their political movements have for foreigners? The insignificant, constantly fermenting republics of South America were better known and more respected than these obscure dependencies of England. The contempt and indifference of that French monarch of the last century who felt no great regret that his crown had lost possession of a rence was paralleled by the expressions of imen as John Bright and Goldwin Sm' , such journals as The London Times.



selors advised the colonists to cut the painter and launch resources and responsibilities, promsing them on beunts of Great Britain a hearty "God-Yet who can look into the media of time and behold the growth

petty dependencies of twenty years ago have expanded into the Dominion of Canada as it exists today, firmly planted upon three because vast in the extent of its fertile land, unlimited in natural wealth, bound together by great railways, its people animated by an fucreasing pride in their country, and burning with high hope in its future destiny. Vithin even five years the completion of a transcontinental road has drawn the attention of foreign observers to the Dominion, and inpressing knowledge of its soil, area, climate and resources has caused Canada to spring forward by leaps and bounds in prestige and the estimation of the world.

Statistics are dry, and Americans have had facts and figures concessing their northern peighbors hurled at them lately in great pro-Insion by such statistical experts as Mr. Wi-Butterworth, Senat r Sherman, Benator Edmunds, Senator Mor all and oth Yet a word about the more salient physical and commercial features of the Do-minion may not be out of place, even at this late day. Canada is now coterminous with British North America, save that the island of Newfoundiand still remains independent, In superficial extent it exceeds the United States by half a million square miles.

From the boundary line it extends northward twenty degrees to the arctic circle, yet within the same latitudes lie Norwan, Swesen, Russia, Prussia, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Great Britain and Ireland, and the northern part of France. The bracing at-mosphere of Canada is as well adapted to the growth of a robust and mardy race as any of



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA. these countries, and there is no reason for supposing that the Anglo-Saxon stock will degenerate under her cold wintry skies. Owing to the favorable sweep of the isothermal lines, wheat can be produced 500 miles north of the international boundary, and the most fertile wheat growing district in the world lies for the most part north of that boundary, extending from the foot of the Rocky mountains a thousand miles eastward. The forests of Canada are the most valu-

able and extensive now remaining, and Canada experts \$17,000,000 worth of sawn lumber ennually, the total export of the products of the forest running up to between twenty and thirty millions. The great sea fisheries of British Columbia, the maritime provinces and Labrader are unequaled by those of any other country, a fact of which American fishermen are fully aware; but besides these the inland lakes of the newly opened northwest constitute a fishing ground 20,000 square miles in size. In British Columbia and Nova Scotia coal and iron are found side by side, and in Alberta there is a bed of rich liquite 100 miles broad and 500 miles long; while in Ontario almost every mineral but coal is found in abundance.

The population of the country, according

to the census of 1881, was 4,325,000; the next census will undoubtedly show 5,000,000. It is commonly supposed that the Dominion in creases in population much more slowly than the United States, and this has been true during the last quarter of a century for rea sons that are sufficiently obvious. But if a longer period is chosen a different aspect given to the case. In 1730 the British North American provinces had 200,000 mhabitants the United States, 4,000,000. For 1890 it is estimated that while Canada will have 5,000. 000, the neighboring republic will have 65, 000,000. The past century therefore has seen the population of the former multiply twenty-five times; that of the fatter a little more than sixteen times. However, during recent times the tide of European emigration has se steadily in the direction of the United States to such an extent, indeed, that of the 50,000, people shown by the census of 1880, the children of foreign parents, and what proportions the influx of Europeans into 15,000,000 were either foreign born or country have assumed in the succeeding

decade is known to every one. But this state of things is not likely to continue much longer. The constitution of Canada is contained in the British North America act adepted by the imperial parliament on Feb. 10, 1867 The executive anthority is vested in the queen, who is constructively present and act-ing in the person of her vice oy; senators are appointed for life virtually by the leader of the government; and there is an elective house of commons. In its large features the Canadian constitution somewhat resemble that of the United States, innsmuch as the federal system is common to both. A limited and strictly defined jurisdiction has been allotted to the provincial legislatures, while al powers not otherwise expressly disposed belong to the government at Ottawa. In th respect a course was taken the reverse of that which gave legal color to the principles of the back part of the store L Chicago Tribune.

state rights party in the United States. John C. Calhoun's famous resolutions in the senate, 22d January, 1838, declared "That the peo-ple of the several states composing these United States are united as parties to a constitutional compact to which the people of each state acceded as a separate sovereign community." It is needless to say there is no room for any such contention in Canada. The authors of the British North America act determined that a strong central govern-ment should be an essential feature in their cheme. The blood and treasure poured out to settle the state rights controversy over the border served as an impressive warning to Canadian statesmen, and the lesson was not

ost upon them.

The magnificent natural resources above entioned are the stock in trade with which Canada is entering upon her career as a compercial, industrial and at no distant day political power among the nations of the earth; and should a new northern variety of spreadeagle rhetoric infect Dominion day eloquence indulgent critics will be able to find some excuse for the fact.



EASTERN BLOCK, OTTAWA.

Material plenty and natural advantages, however, though they furnish the basis upon which nations are built, are not the only remisites of national life and autonomy, air has lately been fliled with the sound of discussions about the future of Canada, many of the disputants being apparently of opinion that the name "Canada" is to disappear from friendliness these | the map of this continent, "Public opinion in the United States," says Senator Morrill, "has its index finger pointing to a union of all that lies north of us as our manifest des tiny;" and Mr. Blackburne Harte, an editorial writer on The Toronto Mail newspaper, advocates the same opinion from the Canadian standpoint in an article recently contributed to The Forum Magazine. Indeed, there is much reason to believe that a large proportion of those who in both countries have supported the cause of commercial union have been more or less consciously aiming at annexation as their ultimate goal. On the other hand, a counter movement has set in since the beginning of the fisheries contro versy in favor of imperial federation, and this idea has found able champions and a large following among Canadians. Finally, there are those who believe that absolute in dependence is the end which the statesmen of the Dominion should keep in view.

It may be assumed in considering the ques tion that a priori theories of "manifest tiny" will prove futile to solve the problem of Canada's future. Its destiny is manifestiv not to be settled by social and political life, powerful factors though these be in shaping the course of history. The people of the Dominion are sprung from a hardy and independent stock, and independent they will undoubtedly prove themselves in determining what their type of entional existence shall be in the future. Proximity to the great and enterprising republic has strongly influenced the feelings and ideas of the people of Canada, holding forth a tempting bait to draw them into political union. But the sentiment is not strong enough to induce them to sacrifice every independent wish, for the gratification of which they have been constructing gigan-tic public works, and otherwise struggling with herculean energy since confederation Commercial intercourse will always have its effect in creating a friendly disposi-tion towards the American people, but in the view of the writer it would be idle to anticipate any more radical results to flow from it. Attachment to the mother country is strong in the breasts of Canadians, and of late has constantly grown stronger. It is possible that within another generation some change may be accomplished colonies which will permit the latter, their condition warranting an altered position, to cast aside the state of pupilage and to form with the central islands a world encircing empire of independent soversign states, a forerunner of that "parliament of man," that "federation of the world," dreamed of by the poet laureste. The present organization of the

ed not only her own shores, but her most disant possessions, is bearing with increasing weight upon her. In the language of Mr. Matthew Arnold, "the weary Titan" finds the "too vast orb of her fate" to be "well nigh not to be borne." The onward current of event forces the problem of recasting the relations of the different portions of the em-pire upon the minds of thoughtful English-men as well as thoughtful Canadians. Possi-bly imperial federation may be a dream of risionaries, enthusiasts and sentimentalists; but the principle was tested in Germany and proved practiculie, and it has this advantage over the other dream of annexation, that it lies in the line of continuous national life. No sketch, however brist and fragment

empire cannot continue. Not only is Canada outgrowing the colonial stage, but Britain

herself finds the burden of defending unassist-

An action, nowever one and regiment ary, of public affairs in Canada could pre-tend to be satisfactory which emitted men-tion of the great statesman who was the chief architect of the Dominion, and who still rules it. Sir John Macdonald has been forty-five year in public life, and during that long period has been almost continuously



In effice and in power. He found Canada a union of two small provinces; he will leave it an interoceanic empire of splendid proportions and promise. His is the hand that has shaped its legislation and made its destiny manifest. He is still in the possession of great physical and intellectual vigor and firmly seated in power. The tuss and fume of party strife tends to obscure the real proportions of such a man to his own countrymen, but when time has rolled on, and he is viewed in the light of history by other genviewed in the light of history by other gen-arations, it will be seen that he is as much smittled to be called father of his country as was the immortal Washington. L. W. S.

On His Regular Visit. "Miss Florry," said the drummer, leaning over the counter in the village store where his samples were spread out for display, and speaking to the fair young clerk in low, eager, passionate tones, "now that old Hunks has gone to the front to wait on a customer I may tell you how I have looked forward for the last thirty days to the time when I should have the happiness of seeing you again and bearing from your own dear lips that you have not forgotten me-may I not? While I have been on my dreary rounds from town to town, or passing the leaden hours in waiting for trains at little railway stations, the thought of your lovely face has thrilled me to the heart's core. You have been to me the beacon light of hope, the inspiration of every-striped hose like these, Miss Baxter, are worth \$6.50 I can't make them a cent less," he said, in a hard, business like tone.

[For Old Hunks had returned to the

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

HOW POCKET PICKING HAS BEEN PRACTICALLY ABOLISHED.

That Is on One Race Track Near The Metropolis-One of Bob Pinkerton's Jobs-Other Gossip of Interest from the

[Special Correspo New York, July 1.—Thirty thousand peo

ple swarming from cars and boats and carriages; thirty thousand people pushing, scrambling, squeezing through narrow turnstiles and showing thirty thousand circular badges dangling from buttonholes and surrendering to keen eyed gatekeepers thirty thousand admission tickets; thirty thousand people solidly packed on and in front of a mammoth grand stand, pusling into the paddock and pulling and elbowing and cursing in the betting ring for the privilege of losing many times thirty thousand dollars; thirty thousand people scampering wildly home again, hanging perilously on the edges of car platforms and boat railings, and yet not one loss by pocket picking reported and not one thief given into the custody of the police authorities. That, in part, is the mar-velous story of more than one big race day on the grounds of the Coney Island Jockey club. No more diversified gathering of people can be imagined than that which gathers on a race track when a great equine struggle is about to take place. The society woman and the queen of the half world cheer the winner from adjoining four in hand coaches, and the Adonis of the four hundred is shoved in the betting ring by the equally well dressed black leg who flaunts a hundred dollar note under the bookmaker's nose. All conditions of people are in closest contact. It would appear as though the occasion pre sented a rare harvest for industrious and dexterous pickpockets, nor does the malodore reputations of the police authorities of that ocean edged end of the earth tend to allay the alarm with which boodle blessed burgers may be possessed. Yet it is a singular fact that pocket picking is an unbeard of crime on the great race track, and even on the days of the great races no arrests are recorded within the club's inclosure. Of course this state of affairs does not arise from the turf having any peculiar moral atmosphere of its own The cause from which this effect arises is a contract between the Coney Island Jockey club and Bob Pinkerton, by the terms of which the famous detective guarantees, in return for a certain sum of money, to keep all thieves away from the race track.

The manner in which this seemingly unac-complishable bargain is kept is peculiar, although not generally known. The Pinkerton detective service is a wide reaching machine. In its employ are bartenders, cigar dealers, clerks and men about town who are not averse to the secret addition of \$12 per week to their other source of income. These are utilized in various ways without their identity ever being revealed. The information which they obtain concerning any matter which is being investigated is generally more openly worked up and amplified by the regular Pinkerton "operatives," whose faces are as well known to the big thieves as those of the detectives in the employ of the city. Thus it is that one's familiar friend may be in the Pinkerton service and the fact never be sus-

When Robert Pinkerton undertakes a contract to keep "clean" (that is the police exession) a race track, or a fair ground, or a ballroom, or a public entertainment of any kind, or a large store, he first directs his operatives (he never calls them detectives) to notify of the fact all the crooked men with whom they come in contact. "Bob wants me to tell you that we have taken charge of the Coney Island track," is a message rich with meaning to one who does not walk in straight paths. The hig thieves know that the Pinkertons never compromise a case, never try to push backward a man who is endoavoring to reform, and never have had a suspicion of purchase cast upon Experience has taught them the full significance of a message similar to the above, and it is truly edifying to hear one of them, as I did, meekly and cheerily reply, "All right; tell Bob I'll notify any of the boys I come across. Naturally many thieves do not receive the

and there are many fresh recruits in the army of crime whose faces have not yet become known. To the care of these are all subsequent movements directed. The sale ges and tickets is placed solely in Pinkerton's hands. The men who sell you the adission pasteboards are Pinkerton operatives and so are the men who take them from you at the turnstile, and who quickly you; and on grand stand, in paddock and betting ring are Pinkerton operatives, many of them regulars, more of the secretly em ployed kind, and a few of them women. The second class, who are not supposed to know the professional criminals, keep watch for new and young additions to the ranks. A very little practice schools them in the movments of picknockets. The moment one of these younguters is detected in a suspicious act he is touched upon one shoulder, escorted to the gate, his face impressed upon the memories of the keepers there, and then he is kicked into the outer world and warned against again endeavoring to gain admission Meanwhile, at the gate the face of every comer is being scanned. When a profes-sional thief is recognized a warning finger is lifted and he is greeted with: "It won't do, old man. We have charge here, and if you don't stay away Bob will get mad." That suffices. There may

scowl or a mumbled curse, bu there is no scene, and those nearest do not know that a protecting arm has been, thrown up to keep a criminal outcast from the company of his fellow men. In the hurry and push, however, it is natural that many faces which adorn the rogues' gallery should escape the lynx eyes at the gate, and then, too, the operatives stationed there may be unfamiliar with lineaments which are fixed on the minds of some of their brethren within the inclosure. Those who thus gain admission are, however, soon observed. Then folows a touch on the shoulder, a whispered "They want to see you down at the gate," a muttered "I didn't know you folks had charge here," an incredulous smile, and in a few me ments the offender is beyond hearing of the huzzahs of the grand stand.

Once in awhile a vigorous protester is found who says: "What's de matter with youse fellows! Does yer want me to git off de earth! I ain't duin' nuthin' here, and Ise going to stay to play de races, seef" ant intimation that the young bandit—old birds never act that way—is acting foolishly, proving unavailing, the operative never leaves the side of his now surly companion. He accompanies him everywhere. An arrest might lead to a rough and tumble scrimmage -for the thief has as yet committed no overt act-and where 30,000 people are gathered that sort of scene might mean broken bones and fainting women. The Pinkerton machine moves noiselessly. But when the races are over the recalcitrant is quietly seized and placed under arrest, and then he is not locked | he was first Heutenup nor handed over to a policeman, but he is so soundly and thoroughly whipped that he

loses all desire to ever come to the races I once saw a striking example of this in the amphitheatre at Manhattan Beach, where nightly displays of fireworks are given. This place is also under Pinkerton's care. It was after the races, and the audience was just beginning to ar 'e, when I saw Bob Pinkerton and a very small operative—whose special daytime duty is to keep "clean" the largest dry goods store in Brooklyn—enter the inre. Seated by me was a burly man with two flashily dressed women. As he saw the famous detective he ducked his head, but he was too late to escape observation.
With a sneer Pinterton pointed at him and

said aloud to his companion: "See that big loafer up there." The ruffian's face became white as he fairly whined: "Bob, I didn't know you had this place; 'pon honor I didn't."

"You lie!" was the sententious respons aid: "Go up and pull that big fellow out." And the little man did so promptly and gracefully, and then, while the people about, who had become aware of the state of affairs cheered and applauded, the little fellow kicked and cuffed the burly thief.

Now it is not so difficult to understand why

there was no pocket picking on Suburban A letter awaiting at the St. James hotel the return of Actor William T. Florence from the salmon leaping waters of the Restigouche river is covered with the blurred, circular stamps of many postoffices and in its lower left hand corner carries the announce ment, "From Henry M. Stanley." The friendship existing between the explorer and the comedian was cemented under rather amus ing circumstances. I heard them narrated by Florence a few days before he started with Johnny Hecksher to do battle with the piscatorial monarchs of the Canada's rapids. Bardwell Slote's" portrayer was in Paris when news was received there that Stanley had returned from Africa, where he had dis covered Livingstone, that he had landed at Marseilles and that he would reach the French capital the following day. Immediately the American colony was aglow with patriotic enthusiasm, and, true to the American instinct, it was at once determined that a dinner should be given in Stanley's honor. As it was known that he was in haste to reach London it was necessary to have the banquet on the night of his arrival in Paris. A telegraphic message apprising Stanley of the cont courtesy was sent to Marseilles. The details of the dinner were placed in Florence's care for arrangement. The Hotel Chatham was selected as the scene of festivities. Its dining room has a fully windowed side, which forms one boundary of an open court yard. The demand for tickets exceeded the capacity of this apartment and many would be subscribers had to be turned away unsatisfied. Two hours before the time set for the beginning of the banquet Florence, in pursu of his duties, was arranging the plate cards in place; that most delicate task on which the success or failure of a dinner so largely depends. While engaged in this he beca conscious of the fact that a man was peering at him through one of the windows looking

Billy; what are you doing here?" Florence felt satisfied that he was being accosted by some persistent fellow countryman who was determined to have a seat at the table, consequently he did not even look up, but as he continued his work he mumbled: 'I am very busy; you must not trouble me now. Every seat at the table is taken, and I'm trying to arrange the scating of more people than the room can accommodate."

on to the court yard. In a few moments the

stranger, without asking permission, entered

the room and nouchalantly cried out: "Hello,

"Don't remember me, Billy, do you?" persisted the stranger, laughingly. "I met you out in Cincinnati a great many years ago." The actor looked up quickly, and recogniz-

ing no familiar lineaments said somewhat impatiently, "I dare say. Glad to see you again. Meet so many people can't remember them all, yerknow. But really, now, you must go away, like a good fellow, and not bother me, else I will never get these people seated. But what's going on! What is all this

fuss about?" persisted the stranger good na-

"Great heavens! man, don't vou know! answered Fiorence excitedly. "We are to give Stanley a dinner. The great Stanley, the great explorer, the discoverer of Livingstone. I would like to have you present, but it is impossible, as every seat is taken."

With an amused smile the stranger quietly said: "Why, Billy, I am Stanley. Met you out in Cincinnati when I was a newspaper

'W-h-a-a-a-t!" ejaculated the comedian, as the plate cards dropped from his nerveless 'Yes," answered the other laughingly,

"See! here are letters from Livingstone with which I must hasten to London," and he drew from an inner pocket of his coat a heavily scaled package.
"My dear sir," exclaimed the now deeply

agitated actor, "you must get away from here at once. The guests will begin arriving in a few minutes and you are not dre receive them. Didn't you receive our telegram?" "I got no telegram," replied the explorer.

"but never mind that; come out here and take a look at my young nigger. I brought him from Africa, and he is one of the funniest looking creatures you ever saw." "But, my dear sir," said Florence anxious-

"there's no time to look at niggers now. You must hurry away from here and get ready to receive the distinguished guests."
"Oh, that's all right, Billy," persisted Stan-"Come and take just one look at this

There was no escape for the perturbed manager of the banquet. He walked into the court yard, and there was a sight to make a brass image crack its sides. From the heart of the dark continent the expl had brought a half grown African. In Mar-seilles he had attired him in the conventional garb of civilization. While waiting for his protector in the hotel court yard his dress had suddenly become irksome to the little savage, and when the two men gazed upon im he was standing proudly erect, as free from covering as when he first entered the world and with his newly bought clothing carefully carried on one arm. That funny occurrence was the beginning of a warm friendship between actor and explorer.

Amene Beattle, a negro woman living at La Grange, Ga., is remarkable for her great age. She says that she remembers distinctly the war of 1812, and at that time had several children running about. Notwithstanding her great age she is as active and spry as some of her sisters half a century younger, and seems good for several years yet. She does not know her exact age, but is somewhere between

Col. Emmons Clark, of New York Nearly every member of the National Guard of the state of New York is saddened by the resignation of Col. Emmons S. Clark, commander of the famous Seventh regiment of New York city. The colouel was born in Wayne county, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1827. His father was a Presbyterian minister. The young man was educated at Hamilton college, where he was a classmate of Senator Joe R. Hawley, of Connecticut. After graduation be studied medicin

afterward entered mercantile life. He in 1857 as a private in Company B. In two years he had risen to be second Heutenant: in 1860 ant and captain of the second com-Alexander Shaler, for. In 1861 the first New York regiment to offer itself & to the government

States, and left for Washington a week EMMONS & CLARK after Fort Sum York when the draft riots broke out there, and soon put them down. In June, 1864.

Capt. Clark was made column, and has held

He Is Better Known as Sitting Bull and His Race Is Run.

A VERY REMARKABLE INDIAN.

A Warrior at 13 and a Powerful Diplo matist at 56-His Astonishing Success The Custer Massacre - Sitting Bull's Speech at the Monument.

Sitting Bull's active life is closed, and according to recent reports, and if there is any truth in "Injun" theology, he may soon see



Sitting Bull has probably done as much "Injun devilment" in his time as any savage since Tecumseh. Black Hawk wasn't a circumstance to him, and the most noted Apaches, though more bloodthirsty, were far inferior in talent and consequently in destruction. He was born in the Black Hills in 1833, his father being a Blackfoot Sioux and his mother the daughter of an Uncpapa Sioux by an Arickaree wife. The average age of Indians is much less than that of whites, and so he is now considered quite an old man; and having been pre-eminently successful in war and ambitious and eloquent in peace, his influ-ence is very great. His speech in 1886, inciting the Crows to war, is a fine specimen of Indian eloquence. The joint council was held on the scene of the Custer massacre and pointing to the monument, he said:

"Look at that monument! That marks the work of my people. We are respected and feared by the white man, because killed his great chief and more than 300 of his warriors on this spot. We receive one and one-half pounds of beef per ration, but you get only one-half pound; yet we do no work, but ride and visit our friends as we please. See your little log houses and farms. You are the white man's slave. He is teaching you to labor, only that you may forget the use of your war paint, and the battle songs of your fathers are stolen from the lips of your children by the senseless chants of the schools by the black robes (priests). Is there blood in the veins of your young men! Rise up against the bloodless conquest that is turning your people into slaves! The red man was made by our Great Spirit to hunt and to fight, to be free as the prairie wind. It is the white man's business to work. He is only a soldier when he is paid to be."

HIS EARLY EXPLOITS. Of course the young warriers went wild at this, and in no long time there was a "Crow outbreak." Yet Sitting Bull was long the terror of the Crows, they and the Sioux being hereditary enemies. His first exploit was Crow killing. He was so anxious to be considered a man and a warrior that when he was but 13 years old he and Shunkw (Little Fox), finding a dead engle, stuck its tail feathers in their scalp locks-this being the sign of "counting coup," that is, of having struck an enemy. The old Indians laughed so much at them that the boys swore they would make the sign good, and started alone into the Crow country. Two months later they re-entered the villag with a war whoop, driving fifteen captured ponies. They had struck a Crow camp and hung about it many days till they obtained chance to cut off two herders; these they

killed, and got away with the horses. According to Indian custom the boys were given new names, Sitting Bull receiving his cause he had told of sitting like a bull in the willows watching the Crow camp. Thereafter he took part in all manly sports and raids. At eighteen be married an Assiniboine girl, Patrazeezeeweah (Yellow haired woman), for whom he paid her father five horses. His first born was a son, and to celebrate that good fortune he organized a big raid on the Crows, fought with great bravery and showed rare strategy. After many en-counters with the Crows and other Indian enemies he and his compatriots joined the great lengue of 1861-62 against the whites, but his usual good fortune failed this time. He and several other chiefs, with some 700 warriors, made a desperate attack upon Fort Berthold, but were repulsed with a loss of some fifty killed and twice as many ed. The war languished after that, and little was done by the Sioux till 1806.

SITTING BULL IN PEACE. It were a long story to relate the terrible massacre of that year, the ever varying rtunes of the next nine years and the great final disaster to the Custer command in 1876. During the five years succeeding the civil war the United States regular army was in the worst condition it ever reached. Men deserted by dozens in open day. Hundreds enlisted simply to get transportation to the mining regions, and then deserted without fear or shame. When something like regular discipline was restored the Indians were soon defeated and Sitting Bull went to Canada. In no long time there was a general amnesty and he came back. Several Sioux who took part in the Custer massacre are now "good Indians," and not very bad farmers, living quietly on the Devil's lake reservation, D. T. But old Sitting Bull could not stay quiet very ong; he stayed out with the wild hands, and the late discussions at Standing Rock and esewhere, about selling their Dakota lands,

was a sweet opportunity to his Bullship. For months he kept the young Indians in line against signing the treaty, and wherever in the meantime trouble broke out among the wild bands, the officials suspected the nand of Sitting Bull. After inciting the Crows now friendly to the Slour and others. he reached Standing Rock agency on the 20th of July of last year, and within a few hours induced all the Indians to take the "oath by the Great Spirit" that they would not acwpt the treaty as it then was. Even John Grass, Mad Bear and others who had been favorable down to that time, backed squarely out when they noted the effect of Sitting Bull's address on the young Indiana. Son of his remarks show great shrewdness—of the savage kind. He objected to work and civilization for Indians generally, but wanted them to keep a few boys in the white schools all the time, so that there might be some warriors who could read and write and therefore circumvent the white men and ras-

cally interpreters.

This was his last mischief. He was defeated as to his main schemes, lost influence among the Indians, retired to his home in

THE STORY OF "JIM." A Osyote, Captured with Difficulty, Was

"What do I know about coyotes, young man!" he asked, throwing himself back in his chair. "By the way, we don't call them kai-otes; k-a-i-o-t-c-s, kai-o'tees is the way to pronounce it. And let me say right here that I've seen many a man get into trouble by doing what you have just done. Out west we don't like to have our feelings hurt. We're mighty sensitive about some t

man, and coyotes-kai-o-tees, I say, so you won't make that mistake again-is one o them. I've seen the boys shoot for less than that. I you ever go out in Wyoming, don't you forget that it is kai-o-tee, kai-o-tee," and he bit the end of a long cigar and struck a "Well, you ask me what I know about them. I once owned a cayote; that is, I owned a part interest in him. I think that was the finest cayote I ever saw. He was

simply the tarnationalist all fighter you ever saw. Fight!-he'd fight anything, that critter. I once turned him loose on the cham pion bulldog of Evanston, and I wish could have seen that dog after the first minute. He looked like a rag baby. We got Jim, that was his name, near Hilliard. don't suppose you ever heard about Hilliard. It's on the N. P., not far from Evans ton; not a big place, you know-water tank, flume and four charcoal kilns. We were rounded up there in '79, with 20,000 sheep, and that cayote used to come around camp at night howling funeral dirges, until we made up our minds we wanted him Well. we got him, but we had a big job on our

"Four of us started out on horseback will lariats to lasso him. We chased him for about fifteen miles, trying for him all the time, but we couldn't get him. Finally he got dead beat, and turned. Then the real circus began. One of the boys booked him the first time, but that critter chewed the lariat in two in three minutes. He backed up against a sage brush and snapped and snarled like a mad dog. He had a wicked looking set of teeth, and nobody dared to touch him. Three times we hooked him, and each time he chewed the lariat in two. was fuller of fight than ever. We had only one good lariat left, and that was Bill Ryder's. Bill allowed that he would fix that cavota, He rode off about 100 feet and got his noose ready. He was mighty handy with a rope, and when I saw his game I said: 'Now, Mr.

Cayote, you're done for.'
"Bill dug his spurs into his bronco and they came on like a whirlwind. As he rushed past the cayote his lariat shot out in a circle no bigger than a bat. He caught Mr. Cavote square around the neck and jerked wenty feet. That took the life out of him. and he did not try to chew anything again that day. We got him to camp and chained him to a stake. That night he almost chewed the stake through. After that we fixed him with an iron picket. How Jim used to how! at first! It was simply terrible. We broke han of that, though, by taking him off out of sight and leaving him alone at night. When we moved camp we used to chuck Jim into a sack and tie it up around him, just letting his head stick out. Then we'd dump him into the provision wagon.
"We kept Jim for a year, and he got so

attached to us that I believe he won have runaway if we had unchained him; but we never gave him the chance. The next summer we struck Green river. If you've ever been there you'll remember that right in front of the milroad restaurant at the station there is a large cage. It's full of prairie does, rabbits and other small animals proprietor of the restaurant wanted Jim for his menagerie, and after talking the thing over we decided to sell him for \$10. So Jim went into the menagerie. The next morning we went down to see him. His new was distracted. All that was left of that menagerie was Jim. He'd chewed the whole thing up. The floor of the big cage was covgred with fur, bones and skins, while Jim ast in one corner, his eyes bloodshot and rest ess and his long, white teeth cleaming white. He snapped at every one who came near him and looked just as he did the day he backed up against the sage brush.
"The man gave us another \$10 to take him

away, but that night spoiled Jim. He was never contented with bacon after that, and he got to be a great nuisance. We ur him, hoping he would strike out for himself, but he used to hang around camp, howling all night long. We chased him off with stones, fired our six shooters and did everything we could to frighten him away, but i was so use. Finally, we took pity on him and let him alone, but he began Civilized life was too much for him, and h died two months after his night in the menagerie."—New York Tribuna





-New York Herald.

Only Testing Him. "Mr. Hydepark," said the lovely girl, blushing, "this is so sudden-I must have

The young man protested his willing-

ness to give her time.
'To change the subject, Mr. Hyde park, what do you think of the annexa tion idea?"

"I am heartily in favor of it. I think the suburbs ought to come in. I shall vote for annexation."

"Then, Mr. Hydepark," exclaimed the loyal Chicago maiden, as she gave him her hand, "I am ready to accept the proposal you just now made for—for annexation - please don't, Harry,

YOUNG FOLKS COLUMN.

ESPECIALLY PREPARED FOR THE GOOD OF BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Short Chapter on Elephants, in Which Is Told Their Leading Character The Elephant at Peace and the Elephani When Wounded or Enraged.

The elephant, mighty and imposing as it is, when left at peace in its native forests is a gentle, inoffensive, almost timid creature, content to browse indolently upon the juicy leaves and grasses which grow so luxuriantly all around him—at peace with other animals and ready to fly from all contact with man. It is only when wounded that he beer terrific from his great size and strength, and the fury with which he singles tramples down the man who has dared to at-



WISPHANTS AT PEACE IN NATIVE PORESTS. Elephants are found in Africa, the continent of India and some of the East Indian islands, but Ceylon may truly be called the ome of this lordly animal. In that island they still abound, though their numbers have of late years been much reduced. The open-ing up of the mountain forests for the cultivation of coffee has forced the animals to retire to the low country, where again they have been followed by large parties of Europeans bent on their destruction. Indeed, had the elephants of Ceylon been provided with tusks, they would long since have been killed for the sake of the fvory, but it is a curious fact that while in Africa and India many elephants of both sexes have tusks, in Cevlen not one in a hundred has these value ble appendages, and these are exclusively

A Bemarkable Clock

The most remarkable clock in America, if we consider the place in which it was built. is the one which was made by a miner in the Hallenbeck colliery at Wilkesbarre, Pa. This clock was made out of bits of wood and from and with the roughest tools that can be imagined. It was made nearly half a mile under ground, and it occupied the maker nearly nine years before he could say it was are sixty-three figures, which move by ma-chinery. There are only twenty-two moving figures in the Strassburg clock. On the front of the Wilkesbarre clock-the one we are speaking of-there are three shelves, or

Along the lower balcony a mounted gen eral leads a file of Continental soldiers. liberty bell rings, and the sentinel salutes the procession. A door in the upper balcony opens and shows Molly Pitcher historic cannon, the smoke of which is blown away from the interior of the clock by a fan. Then the portraits of the first twenty presi dents of the United States pass along kind of pancrama, the Declaration of Inde pendence being held aloft by Thomas Jeffer son. On another of the balconies, the twelve apostles go by, Satan comes out, and the cock grows for the benefit of Peter. When Christ appears a figure of Justice raises a pair of scales, while a figure of Death tolls the min-

The robins are singing, 'Get well, dear Dick!

quick! "Hirds can have breakfast and then fly away: Nobody tells them, "Enough for today." There are fifty things I should like to est— Some pudding with sauce, and gravy with a

And bobolinks laughing, 'Come quick, come



"Here is too little broth and too much exp. nd he less in the boart if I drinked in un-

The room shuts up like a fan if I wink: And what alls the house I'm too tired think."

They smiled at each other, mamma and Aunt Fac, And laid him down softly, the dear little man

Kings After the Conquest. The rhyme here presented appeared many years ago, but it is one worthy of being mem-orized by our youthful readers:

First William the Norman, then William his son; Henry, Stephen and Henry, then Richard and Next Henry the third, Edwards one, two and

three, and again after Richard, three Henrys we see. Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess; Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen

Boss; Then Jamle, the Scotchman, then Charles, whore they slew; But received after Cromwell's second Charles, to: Sext Jamie the second assembled the throne; Then good William and Mary together came on. Then Annie, Georges four, and fourth William a

And Victoria came, may she long be the last. The New Tennis Shirt and Jacket.

As all the younger women throughout the land are more or less interested in tennis the illustration here presented of a new

tennis shirt and jacket will doubt-The shirt may be made of white cambric or pique, or of the colored shirting affected by men for summer wear. These shirts differ little, if at all, in appearance from

those worn by men. A belt is worn with the tennis shirt that

like finish, so one pasen to

without a jacket in bot millsummer days. The jacket is made of light weight cheviol and the revers are faced with silk. This last mentioned garment is also serviceable for yachting, and may be wern with or without he shirt, although the combination as shows